



Another View of Charming Mlle. D'Herlys.

London's New Mystery

What Did Mlle. d'Herlys, the Actress, and Tod Sloan, the American Jockey, Do That Made the British Government Arrest Them and Ship Them Out of England?

London, Jan. 2. NOW and then the brief message is handed out by the British Government that a man has been shot in the grim old Tower of London. The name is never given. No details are given. It is only intimated that the death penalty has been inflicted on a person convicted by court-martial of an offense against the safety of the realm.

Some weeks ago it was announced that a well-known American citizen, Tod Sloan, the jockey, had been expelled from England, together with the charming French actress known as "La Belle D'Herlys." She was sent back to her home in France and the former jockey was shipped to America.

Everybody in London wondered why Tod Sloan had been sent away, after his long career as the most successful jockey in the world, and his association with many prominent persons including the late King Edward, had made him a popular character in London, especially in theatrical and sporting circles.

What was it that was serious enough to cause his expulsion and not serious enough to lead to his being sent to the Tower of London?

There could not have been very serious charges against him and his companion. During these war times any offense against the state is very severely punished. Since Carl Hans Lody, the first spy executed in the Tower of London was tried the Government has been much more severe and secret in the proceedings against spies and offenders of any kind against the public safety.

And what about the vivacious Mlle. d'Herlys? What did she do? Evidently Sloan and Mademoiselle were both concerned in the same offense—whatever it was. When the British authorities decided that it was dangerous to the realm to allow Sloan to remain another day in England they made the same decision about Mademoiselle; up the gangplank they both went—one to America, the other to France. Inquiries as to just what they had been doing brought only evasive answers from the British Home Secretary who ordered their deportation.

Sloan Did Valuable Service for the Allies.

A new law has been passed, the Defense of the Realm act, which permits the Government to dispose of a man's life and liberty without trial, and to do practically as it pleases with any British subject; and, of course, a foreigner has still less rights. The Habeas Corpus act and the Bill of Rights, those ancient bulwarks of British liberty, have ceased to have any meaning. Democratic politicians have complained bitterly that the war has taken us back to Star Chamber days.

The explanation has been published that Tod Sloan was expelled because a young British officer who insisted on playing cards with him lost a small sum of money, and that a jealous Englishwoman then made a complaint to the police that the jockey was keeping a gambling place. Most English people, however, think that the Government would not have taken such vigorous action for such a trifling cause.

At the same time no one believes that Mr. Sloan has committed any serious military offense against the Government. He was too good a friend of the allies to do that. At the beginning of the war he did valuable service with an ambulance corps

in France, and was warmly thanked for his labors and generosity.

Nevertheless, that there is a mystery behind his banishment is certain. English members of Parliament have been worried about the matter, but have been able to obtain no information from the Government.

Mr. Joseph King, member of the House of Commons for North Somerset, asked the British Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, if he could state the exact reasons why Tod Sloan had been deported. To this Sir John Simon replied:

"This man has been deported and before making the deportation order I satisfied myself that it was not desirable in the public interest at the present time that he should remain in the United Kingdom."

Mr. King then asked if "as a matter of fact a criminal charge could not have been brought against him, and, if so, ought he not to have been tried in the ordinary way?"

The Home Secretary then replied: "The reasons for deporting him were good reasons, and as he is an American citizen I do not see why we should be compelled to keep him in this country."

A Favorite of the Late King Edward.

Mr. King asked the Home Secretary "if he was not aware that in these cases where persons of eminence are deported it is generally assumed that it is to shield some other person behind him?"

Sir John informed his questioner that "in this case, whatever the eminence of the person, it was not on that ground that he was deported rather than dealt with in some other way."

The suggestion that Tod Sloan was deported in order to shield some higher person is the only clue to the true reason for Tod Sloan's deportation that has been given.

Who can be the higher person? Is it some member of the royal family? Is it some member of the Government? Is it some important officer of the army or navy?

The arbitrary treatment of Tod Sloan by the Government seems most surprising in view of the fact he has long enjoyed among British royalty and society.

The late King Edward, whose chief amusement was on the turf, took a great deal of interest in Tod Sloan. He usually visited him before he rode a race and asked his advice about the probable winner. Most of the King's meetings with the jockey occurred when he was still Prince of Wales.

Sloan is generally considered to have been the most successful and highly paid jockey that ever rode. At one time he received \$50,000 a year salary, in addition to his large winnings from bets and other sources.

He won five big races in one afternoon at Newmarket, the biggest race meeting in England. Of course, he won a fortune for his employer. Some of the most distinguished noblemen in England then hung about Tod Sloan, waiting for a golden word from his lips. After this period he had many troubles. His wife, the pretty American actress, Julia Sanderson, obtained a divorce from him, and other misfortunes followed.

Mr. Tod Sloan, on being interviewed in New York upon his return said: "This is a great day in England for people who are jealous or have grudges. All that is necessary is to notify the authorities of your 'suspicions' and then they can be depended upon to do the rest. They look on a man as guilty until

"What was the mysterious deed that Tod Sloan had committed, grave enough to cause his expulsion by the British Government, together with the pretty French actress, Mlle. D'Herlys?"



Mademoiselle D'Herlys, Known as "La Belle D'Herlys" the Beautiful French Actress Who Shared Tod Sloan's Banishment from England.

he proves himself innocent—and then they won't give him a chance to prove himself innocent. You can figure for yourself the results. It's I imagine, as it was in France during the Reign of Terror, when the 'J'accuse' first became popular.

"My trouble was due to a jealous woman. I'll tell you about it."

"First, there is La Belle d'Herlys, one of the finest, best and most beautiful women in the world. She was my comrade, my dear friend. Nothing more."

"I met her through a wager. A man told me the loveliest girl in France was playing at the Folies Marigny. 'If she's as beautiful as that I would like to meet her,' I said."

"Meet her," he answered. "Nobody ever meets her."

"Having betting blood I will bet on anything. I said, 'I'll bet you I will meet her.' Bet you two hundred you don't, said he. 'I'll bet you one hundred to your two hundred,' I answered."

"When I arrived at the Folies Marigny I remembered that I hadn't asked the beauty's name and he hadn't mentioned it. I sat through the bill, and when La Belle d'Herlys came on I knew that was she. At intermission I called a theatre attendant and said: 'Tell Mademoiselle d'Herlys an American gentleman, James Tod Sloan, wishes to see her.' 'The fellow's eyes popped. 'But Mademoiselle never sees anybody. Never."

Never. She will not see you.' 'I didn't ask you for advice,' I said to him. 'Do as I tell you.'"

"I didn't suppose he would ever come back. I was calculating upon writing my check for a hundred next morning, when I felt a hand on my shoulder."

"Mademoiselle is waiting for you," said the attendant. I took back with me the man who accompanied me as a witness to the bet. Mademoiselle d'Herlys was sitting in her dressing room waiting. Her mother was ill and a woman friend had accompanied her. She didn't know a word of English. I knew enough French to get along. The next evening, chaperoned by her mother, we supped at the Cafe de Paris."

"A firm friendship was then formed, among her mother, Mademoiselle d'Herlys and myself. She became interested in my stories of jockey life. I suppose it was Othello brought down to date. Doubtless La Belle d'Herlys would have said: 'I liked him for his adventures on the track.' Anyway, next day my friend paid the two hundred."

"She was a sweet-natured, childlike girl. She had been born in the south of France. She was well educated. Her home life was the typical French family kind. At seventeen she had gone on the stage. She had danced and done plastic poses and become the rage. But she had with her mother lived the life of a recluse in Paris. Of course, there were

"They had heard of her beauty in London and offered her an engagement. She came over and played in a revue at the Garrick. Then all this muss with the Home Office of England happened. I had gone over to London to finish arrangements about my book, 'Tod Sloan, by Himself,' was about to be issued, and I had business details to settle with Grant Richards, the publisher."

"I took a flat at Bedford Mansions, and was in the midst of that business and having some cinematograph pictures made when a letter came from Madame d'Herlys in Paris, saying that her daughter had secured an engagement; that they were strangers in London, and asking my advice about where to stop. I wrote, offering them a part of my apartments until they found quarters to suit and knew how long they would remain. So far all was well."

"It would still have been well but for an English army man. He hunted me up. He's the fool kind, you know—the hero-worshipper. He wanted my book, and I took him to my apartment to get it. Then he wanted to play a game. I didn't want to play. I had played but once in London. That was with a party of American friends, and I lost to them, so I never heard anything about it. But this fellow kept on asking me to play. Since he had paid two guineas for my book, an edition de luxe of it, I felt under obligations to be decent to him."

sultors. Men of wealth and title had wanted to pay court to her. But her friendship went to her American comrade. I was a very lucky fellow. That was in July, 1914. We have been good friends and comrades ever since. Just comrades—that's all."

We played, and he had a run of bad luck. He insisted on playing. I had an engagement at four, and when we stopped in order that I keep it, he had lost 150 pounds. He said, 'I haven't the money with me, but I'll give you my I. O. U.'"

"I never gave another thought to the fellow. Didn't want his money. Didn't need it. Just thought he was a silly chap, and let it go at that. I didn't know then that he was in the army. He said nothing about it. But it turned out that a woman friend found he had lost the money. She said to him: 'You shan't pay it.' He was inclined to insist upon it, but she had her way. I received a letter from a solicitor telling me that I held an I. O. U. of the Lieutenant 'fraudulently obtained' and that it must be returned."

"I directed my solicitor to write that he I. O. U. would be returned when it had been paid in full. It looked on the face of it like a gambling row. As it turned out the lady was jealous. She had heard that I had as my guests the famous beauty d'Herlys and her mother, and she was afraid the Lieutenant would lose his heart to her. She determined to get us both out of the country. Stories were told to two detectives. They reported to the Home Office. I had no hearing at the Home Office. Pull prevented that. The first thing I knew, four detectives rushed into my flat and ordered me to leave the kingdom."

"Why?" said I. "Because you are an undesirable alien," they answered. "And those women must go too."

"Madame d'Herlys and her daughter were hysterical. 'What does it mean?' they asked. 'I don't know,' I answered, 'but we must go.'"

"In half an hour we were gone—they to Paris and I to New York. We were the innocent victims of woman's cupidity and jealousy."

Whether their hasty, melodramatic exit from London would disturb the evolution of their Platonic romance into a real one, Mr. Sloan doesn't know. There had been no time for letters. He is, however, hopeful.

Tod Sloan as an Ornament of Society.

